



King Video Anton Perich relaxes after an evening's cable adventure with Donna Jordan. The New York Underground comes of age, comes into your home, over your tube, comes into your mind, and you can come with it.

Photo by Toscani

Anton Perich's Late Night Show

Who's That Playing With My Cable?

Anton Perich, born in Yugoslavia twenty-eight years ago. Eighteen, he moves to Paris as a literature student, writing poetry, taking photos, investigating the French terrain... Six years pass, and he leaves for New York. Meets Taylor Mead, star of numerous early Warhol films, and Viva. Hangs out in back room of Max's Kansas City taking strangely acid photographs of stars, would-bes, and has-beens. He's broke and waiting for a break...

It comes—ten weeks ago. To backtrack...Anton had been experimenting with videotape for some time. It was about a year ago when we first met him; there was a lot of talk about video movies on t.v. Anton seized the day and pushed through...

His first film, "Mr. Fixit," appears on public-access cable television, New York Channel C. It's one hour long—only, for twenty-five minutes of that hour, the screen is blanked out by the censors. One of the stars is

by Bockris-Wylie

cramming a lightbulb up Mr. Fixit's ass... Television stars are born, interviewed on the Late Night News. Taylor Mead (the aforementioned deviate); Susan Blonde (a record producer by day, Rona Barrett of Max's back room by night); Cyrinda Foxe (she looks like Marilyn Monroe); a well-built cockney television repairman; two whores (one male and one female) tell all; a psychiatrist who thinks he's the Pope analyzes Jackie O...

So we have that Adam and Eve question again. The Village Voice ponders it, The Daily News, The New York Times, New York Magazine, Rolling Stone. Hundreds of eager subterranean hardhats tune off late night football and tune in to Perich's second show (a spaghetti western with people eating spaghetti) as the word spreads. One model-star is dropped by her agency for appearing in a later Perich show...

The handsome Mr. Perich relaxes confident, but underpaid, with a Sunday-night show on cable t.v. watched every week by 200,000 people. As we lounge through an evening in Anton's luxurious Soho loft, the modest but frequently naked Cyrinda Foxe drops by to pose for a few photographs. We ask her what the new Perich mystique is all about:

B-W: My dear, what is the new Perich mystique all about?
MS. FOXE: Oh... I always want to be in his films, they're so funny!

B-W: Do you feel that what you're doing is porn...

MS. FOXE: Oh, now, no! My mother...It's nothing. I wouldn't want Bianca and Fred to see!...

Cyrinda points to a newly-arrived, well-dressed young couple standing in blue half-light before a portrait of Chairman Mao. We are introduced to a feline Bianca Jagger, accompanied by Fred Hughes, one of this country's ten best-

show on t.v.—I mean, these movies are soap operas, only instead of the hero taking ten minutes to get into the heroine's house, he's taking ten minutes to get into her pants. It's more natural!

"Yes, it is...you're right," Fred says, slipping out of his St. Laurent tie...

Later that evening...Everyone from St. Laurent to Jackie O. dropped by to goggle at Perich's galaxy of t.v. stars. The phone rang constantly, answered by a

bevy of bisexual secretaries... Anton rushed about, laughing with great charm...

So one night, when you sit in front of the tube and find that, instead of a standard rerun of some John Wayne classic you're watching a new John Wayne give head to J. Paul Getty... Then maybe you'll give up that old idea of selling your set, Hermione, and take it all in...

Gotta stop now; it's time to watch t.v.



Perich video femme fatale Cyrinda Foxe assumes a re-



Bianca Jagger (you know Mick's wife) makes an ap-